Cupids Garland

SET

Round about

WITH

Gilded Roſes,

Containing many pleaſant Songs and Sonnets.

Newly Written.

.....Omnia Amator,
Debuerat ſertis implicuiſſe comat.

London, Printed by *E. Crowch*, for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*, 1674.

The Contents.

A Song of King *Edward*'s wooing the fair *Maid* of *London*.
Her Answer.
A Royal Song of the Red Rose and the White.
The Life and Death of the renowned Gallant, *Thomas Stukley*.
A Sonnet of a Chaste Lover.
A Pastoral Song.
A lamentable end of *Shor*'s Wife, sometime Concubine to King *Edward* the 4th.
A Song of a Begger and a King.
A Lamentable Song of the fall of the Dutchess of *Glocester*.
A Shepherds Sorrow because he could not Wooe.
A Song of Lord *Wigmore*, and the fair maid of *Dunsmore* in *Warwick-shire*.
The sad Complaint of fair *Isabel*, for the loss of her Honour.
The Story of *Ill-May-Day*.
A Song and Verses made upon a Sigh.

Cupids Garland *here is set*
with gilded Roses round;
And if the Reader likes of it,
the Garland *then is Crown'd.*

A

A Courtly new Song ſhewing how King *Edward* wooed the fair maid of LONDON.

To the Tune of, *Dulcina.*

FAir Angel, Pearl of Beauty,
thou that art my hearts ſole treaſure
Thou my Subject, art my duty,
yet I muſt obey thy pleaſure:
When Love doth ſway,
Kings muſt obey,
And to his Scepter yeilding be:
Sweet Maiden bright,
Grant my delight,
And come ſweet Virgin unto me.

Gallant Lady let my Love
ſo much favour once obtain;
That you would my ſuit approve,
pitying me when I complain:
Think on the Court,
What Masks, and Sport,
And Pleaſures new inventes be,

Cupids Garland ſet round
All theſe are thine,
Be thou but mine,
And come ſweet Virgin unto me.

Art thou not (Fair Love) contented,
with thoſe offers *I* do make?
Your Love ſhall never be repented,
if my promiſe you dare take,
my Royal word
It will afford.
If that thou wilt but loving be,
Thou ſhalt be ſeen
Like Englands Queen,
Then come ſweet Virgin unto me.

Be not reſolved a Maid to dye,
For where Beauty he doth ſpye,
chaſtity is ne're intended,
Some Shepheards daughter
May chance hereafter,
Through all her life a Maid to be,
But Ladies bright
Should love delight,
Then come ſweet Virgin unto me.

You ſhall purchaſe great renown;
why ſhould you then be ſo cruel,
And upon King Edward frown,

that

about with gilded Roſes.
That eſtæms your love a Jewel:
Oh do but grant
What I do want,
And to my gentle ſuit agrée,
Do thou obey
That I may ſay,
Welcome ſweet Virgin unto me.

The fair *Maid* of Londons Anſwer to King *Edwards* Wanton Love.

To the ſame Tune.

KIng Edward know it is in vain
thus with faireſt words to woe me
From dignities I will refrain,
leſt courtly honour do undo me,
like to Jane Shore,
and many more,
Who many happy dales did ſée,
but ſhe did dye
in miſery,
Then let me ſtill a Virgin be.

Hope of honour ſhall not tempt
me to yéld to your deſire;
With my eſtate I am content,
nor do I with to riſe yet higher,
My ſpotleſs fame
I will maintain.

Cupids Garland ſet round
And unto heaven bear with me,
And ſo to the end,
I am your friend,
But ſtill a Virgin I will be.

A Royal Song of the red Roſe and the white united together by the happy *Marriage* of King *Henry* the Seventh, and *Ellzabeth Plantaginet*, Daughter to *Edward* the 4th. from whom King *James* (of Famous memory) lineally deſcended.

To the Tune of, *The blazing Torch.*

WHen as the Earth did bluſh with (blood
of Men in Battel ſlain,
Whilſt York againſt Lancaſter ſtood.
then Henry did obtain
His Right at laſt, and did beat down
King Richard in the Field:
Who being kill'd did loſe his Crown,
but never would he yeild.

Then Henry (from the ancient Houſe
of Lancaſter deſcended)
Did marry with the Houſe of York,
and ſo the difference ended;
For York who did the White Roſe give,
was with the Red Roſe plighted:

And

about with gilded Roſes.
And by this happy Marriage ſo,
theſe Roſes were United.

Theſe Royal Roſes buding forth,
that Henry ſoon conſented,
For to advance his Daughters worth,
(which England ne're repented)
That ſhe ſhould be great Scotlands quéen
which Match the Lord befriended,
So that King James of worthy fame,
from that ſame Quéen deſcended.

Thus all the Wars at laſt did ceaſe,
by this moſt Royal Pair:
This Land doth now enjoy ſwéet peace,
by this bright Lady fair:
And now ſtill in remembrance that
theſe Roſes were conjoyned,
The Roſes yet in Royal Armes,
are with the Crown combined.

The famous life and death of the renowned Engliſh Gallant *Thomas Stukely*, who lived in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*, and ended his dayes in a Battel of three Kings in *Barbary*.

To the Tune of, *Henries* going to *Bullain*.

IN England in the Weſt,
Where Phœbus takes his reſt,

There lusty Stukely he was born.
By birth he was a Clothiers Son,
Deeds of wonder he hath done,
Which with lasting praise his name a-
(born:
Lusty Stukely he was nam'd,
And much honour gain'd,
For so reports the story of his life,
He married with a London Dame,
Daughter to an Alderman,
And had great store of treasure with his
(wife.
But he in riot soon
Her portion did consume,
Which struck old Curtis so unto the heart
Who was his wives own Father,
That he with age, or rather,
With sorrow did his life depart.

When he was laid in earth,
Stukely began his mirth
His golden Angels then began to fly,
He night by night in pleasure,
Did melt away his treasure,
And wished that his loving wife would
(dye.
While vice he maintain'd
His wants at last constrained
Him to sell the Pavements of his yard,
Which

about with gilded Roſes.

Which with blocks of Tin was lin'd
Old Curtis left the ſame behind,
But he the ſame did ne're the more re-
(gard.
His wife hereat lamented
And was much diſcontented, (cry
Make much of me dear Husband, ſhe did
Ile make much more ſweet-heart of the
Than any other ſhall, quoth he,
Ile ſell thy cloaths, and ſo from England
(fly.
So firſt he went to Italy.
And when he came to Barbary,
Whereby his valour he did ſoon obtain
The Standard Royal for to bear,
While in one Field there did appear
Three Kings their right for to maintain

The Sun did ne're behold
A battel fought more bold, (ſlain
And afterwards brave *Stukely* there was
By thoſe *Italians* of great worth,
Which Stukely to the field drew forth,
And thus unto himſelf he did complain.

Was *I* mad, or did *I* rave,
Thus to ſeek a Foreign grave,
And at home abuſe my loving wife,
Stukely on the ground now lies
Like

Like to *Mars* his Sacrifice, (life,
And bleeding here must end my wretched
And with this word his breath
was stopped soon by death:
His empty body lay upon the ground,
which buried once. they did make
a royal Tomb for Stukelies sake;
And still his noble valour is renown'd.

A Pastoral Song, or discourse between a Gentleman and a Shepherd, concerning Love.

To the Tune of, *The Ladies fall.*

AS I did walk one day abroad,
I spy'd a Shepherds Swain,
Who often stopt to gather Flowers,
and seem'd to take much pain,
And in his hand a basket round,
compos'd of Willows small,
Wherein he put the flowers which were
of vertues several.

But when I nearer to him came,
I asked him (good Father)
What is the reason moveth you,
these Flowers for to gather;
But he then with a heavy look,
did thus to me reply.

Teeth

about with gilded Roſes
Theſe Flowers I do gather Sir,
to cure Loves malady.

Nay then quoth I, you are deceiv'd,
if you do think good Swain,
By help and vertue of theſe flowers,
to cure Loves inward pain.
Therefore to get thy ſweet hearts Love
go back again and try,
For their is none but Doctor Jone,
can cure Loves malady.

Then by the Maſs, the Shepheard ſaid,
my true Loves name is Jone,
I will to yonder hill repair,
and to her make my moan;
So going back the Shepheards Swain,
with his Sweet heart did lye,
Thus Doctor Jone did help his moan,
and cure Loves malady.

A new Song of a chaſte Lover.

To the Tune of, Away to Twiver.

When I did Phillis naked ſpy,
I ſhut mine eyes and would not ſee
Theſe beauties which did naked lye,
was ever a Lover like to me;

When

Cupids Garland ſet round
When ſhe her Mantle did unfold,
I ſhut mine eyes and would not ſee.
Loves flower which then I might behold
was ever Lover like to me.

While ſhe bathed in a ſilver ſtream,
I ſhut mine eyes and would not ſee,
But lay ſtill in a pleaſant dream,
was ever Lover like to me.

And when like Diana ſhe came forth
I ſhut mine eyes and would not ſee,
The Golden fruit of precious worth,
was ever Lover like to me.

But when ſhe cloathed had each part,
I opned then my eyes to ſee,
If that I could but win her heart,
for that was only lov'd of me.

A new Sonnet, ſetting forth the miſerable and wretched end of *Shores* Wife, who was ſometime Concubine to King *Edward* the Fourth.

To the Tune of, *I ſigh and ſob*, &c.

YOu that are in your blooming years
Whoſe beauty to the world appears,
Come learn by me (who am Shores wife)
To lead a chaſte and honeſt life.

And

about with gilded Roſes.

And to preſerve your ſpotleſs fame,
Leſt afterwards you do complain,
For when King Edward rul'd this Land
I could his Royal Crown command,
But after he did chance to dye,
I was expos'd to miſery.
And cruelty turn'd out of doors,
All men did hate the name of Shore.

And for to publiſh my lewd ſin,
I did do Pennance to begin
My ſhame, and carryed by command
A burning Taper in my hand,
Thus when that I was once caſt down,
On my hard fate, each one did frown.

Thus all my joyes did fickle prove,
Which I did reap by Edwards love,
A Princes Paragon I was,
But now conſtrain'd to beg, Alaſs!
I was reviled and called Whore,
Yet patiently their words I bore.

For my accuſing Conſcience cry'd,
That Vice had bæn my ſinful guide,
Then let young Maids & wives bewars
And of their honour have a cars.
Leſt they come to a wretched end,
If like to me they do offend.

A Song of a Beggar and a King.
To the Tune of, *Love will find out the way.*

A Prince once there reigned,
who did much delight,
who was manly dight,
Let Cupid then be crowned
with Roſes ſo gay,
For his Bow ſo much renowned.
even Kings muſt obey.

It happened at his window
this Beggar he eſpy'd.
And from thence to the Gate
of his Pallace he hyed,
His purſe then he caſteth,
to this Beggar in gray,
And unto her he haſteth,
Love will make Kings obey.

And then he imbraced
the Beggar ſo mean.
And on his Throne placed
her like to a Queen,
While the Nobles attended
on their wedding day,
And thus all things ended,
Love will make Kings obey.

about with gilded Roſes.

A lamentable Sonnet of the fall of the great Dutcheſs of *Gloceſter*, *Wife* to Duke *Humphrey*, ſhewing how ſhe did Pennance through *London* ſtreets bare-footed, with a Wax Candle in her hand, and how ſhe was baniſhed into the *Iſle of Man*, where ſhe died.

To the Tune of, *Queen Dido.*

COme hither now fair Ladies all,
and bring with you a tear fil'd eye,
That you may weep to hear the fall,
of Elioner a Dutches high,
Whom good Duke Humphery made his bride,
And after by foul treaſon dy'd.

For him they murthered in his ſleep,
and being dead they ſeiz'd his Lands,
So that the Dutcheſs did nothing keep,
for all was in King Henries hands;
Thus when that fortune once doth frown
The higheſt are thrown quickly down.

But ſhe that bore a Noble mind,
to practice witchcraft did intend, (find
That the Dukes murtherers ſhe might
and bring them to a ſhameful end,
By black inchanting Arts to ſpill,
Their blood; did Duke Humphrey kill.

But

But when her practice once was known,
and notice of her purpose given:
Then by her punishment 'twas shown,
such actions do displease high Heaven.
For she was doomed through each street
To go in Pennance in a sheet.

And to increase my grief and pain,
I judged was to leave that place
Where I had lived before in fame,
and like an Exile in disgrace,
I to thee Isle of Man was sent,
To spend my dayes in Banishment.
Full nineteen Years I spent in grief,
and made mine eyes with tears to rain
Yet could my tears yeeld no relief,
for all my sorrow was in vain.
Unto the Isle I was assign'd,
Till death did ease my troubled mind.

For after I had here sustain'd
all hardness that one might indure,
Heavens hearing how I complain'd,
some pitty for me did procure;
And so an end of grief to make,
My soul into the Heavens to take.

Though in my life I had offended,
yet when that death approaches nigh,

Into

about with gilded Roſes.
Into Chriſts hands I then commended
my ſoul for which he once did dye:
Thus Exile for my late offence
did ſave my ſoul by penitence.

A Sonnet.

Wherein a Shepherd doth ſhow
His ſorrow, becauſe he cannot woo.

To the Tune of, *In ſad and aſhy weeds.*

WEep now mine eyes your fill,
for I my Oaten pipe will break
Let ſighs reſound unto the hill
becauſe, alaſs I dare not ſpeak.
let Garlands now
of Cypreſs bough
My inward ſorrow ſhew,
ſince ſaintly I
for love muſt dye,
Becauſe I cannot woo.

Some can with eaſe proteſt,
and in ſweet words their love declare
Yet I alaſs cannot expreſs
My love to her that is ſo faire;
theſe flowry Plains
& Daint fountains,

To whom all prayſe is due,
yet juſtly ſhe,
deſpiſeth me,
Becauſe *I* cannot wooe.

Sometime I did retire
unto a ſpreading ſhady tree,
And think to cool my fire,
with gales that freſhly breathing be,
the Birds do ſing,
the woods do ring,
And all things pleaſure ſhew,
yet fondly I,
for love muſt dye,
Becauſe I cannot wooe.

Yet this of her I crave
that when death cloſeth up my eyes
She would come to my grave,
and not a Shepherds griefe deſpiſe,
and on my Herſe
to write this Verſe,
Here *Coridon* ſo true,
in love did die,
and here doth lie,
Becauſe he could not wooe.

A ſong of the Lord *Wigmore*, and the fai
Maid of *Dunſmore* in *Warwick-ſhire*, which
may

may be a warning to young Maids to
ſhun the allurements of wanton Gallants
To the Tune of, *The Earl of Eſſexs laſt good Night.*

IN Warwick ſhire there ſtands a Down
and Dunſmore heath men do it call:
Where Iſabel of ſuch renown
for beauty did excel them all
A Shepherds Daughter ſhe was known
and fame abroad did make report,
That ſhe was like a Roſe new blown
and fit alone for Cupids Court.
And when young Wigmore heard ꝧ ſame
who then in Warwick Caſtle lay,
To Dunſmore then he forth with came,
to woo this Maid without delay.
And found her by a river ſide,
ſitting amidſt a Meadow græn,
But when her beauty once he ey'd,
he thought ſhe might have bæn Loves
(Quæn.
Freſh beauty flouriſht in her cheæk,
her hair was like to Amber fair:
And her behaviour was ſo mæk,
that Wigmore did to her repair.
And woed her in humble wiſe,
that ſhe would grant him but her love
And not his humble ſute deſpiſe,
but that ſhe would of him approve,

Lord Wigmore thus drown'd in his Lust
did Like a Ravisher appear,
And bid a servant of great trust,
that to his Castle he would her bear.
Thus to Lord Wigmore she was brought
who fed his fancies with delight
& by fair words such means he wrought
that he got her maiden-head y night.

This being done, she did repent,
that she her self had thus betrayd,
By granting of her free consent
to lose the honour of a Maid.
But ere three Months were past & gone,
her growing shame did then appear,
And to Lord Wigmore for his wrong,
she did complain with many a tear.

The sad Complaint of fair *Isabel*, for the loss of her Maiden honour, at the end whereof like *Roman Lucrece* she slew her self.

To the same Tune.

LOrd Wigmore pitty take on me,
& since thou hast obtain'd thy suit,
Yet do not despise the Tree
now thou hast got my Maiden fruit,
Thou spotted hast my Virgin bed,
yet pitty take upon poor me.

Like

about with gilded Roſes.

Like withered Roſe, I hang my head,
Lord *Wigmore*, this is long of thee.

My crime unto the world is known,
my wantonneſs is now deſcry'd:
My name to all is hateful grown
I wiſh I had thy love deny'd.
I know alaſs, when I do die,
my body in lead ſhall ſhrowded bée,
But what can cover my infamy;
Lord *Wigmore*, this is long of thee.

Beſpotted with reproachful ſhame
I crave my juſt deſerved doom:
That death may frée me from all blame
and cut me off even in the blowm.
I number now the tedious houres,
life is unpleaſant unto mée:
Let me then die you heavenly Powers,
Lord *Wigmore*, this is long of thee.

And when I die, let me be laid
in careleſs manner into the mould:
Unpitied of each ſpotleſs Maid,
who to diſgrace my ſelf have ſold.
Let ne're a Bell ring forth my Knell,
for I am that unhappy ſhée,
That by the fair inticements fell,
Lord *Wigmore*, this is long of thee.

When

Cupids Garland ſet round

When ſhe this woful moan had made,
a knife ſhe ſnatched from her ſide:
Where Lucreces part ſhe plainly plaid
and with the ſame ſhe did devide
Her ſoul from her fair bodies frame,
which parting, it did ſæm that ſhe
With her laſt vow, did thus complain,
Lord *Wigmore*, this is long of thee.

The ſtory of Ill-*May* day, briefly expreſſed.

To the Tune of, *The Ladies Fall.*

IF you the reaſon of the Name
of Ill-*May*-day would know:
You ſhall then underſtand the ſame
as here *I* will it ſhow.
For when King Henry Reigned here,
the Eight of that ſame Name:
The ſtrangers as it did appear,
by Prentices were ſlain.
They making ſhow that their intent
was but to go a Maying:
Their force they on the ſtrangers bent,
and them they fell a ſlaying.

Theſe ſtrangers did come forth of Spain
and did ſet up their Trade;

And

about with gilded Roſes.
And ſo did make a private gain,
which Engliſh-men had much diſmaid,
The Prentices then on May Eve,
did to a ſudden tumult grow,
But yet they made the Mayor beléeve
that they a *Maying* meant to go.

But ſuch a May-game they did make,
the like whereof was never known,
For all the Strangers they did take,
and kil'd of them full many a one.
And now it is by Law ordain'd,
that ſtill on May-daies Eve at night.
The Watch ſhall in their Armour ſtand
unruly Youths ſo to affright.

To his Sweet-heart, wherein he doth ſhow,
why he ſo oft cries Hi, Ho.

YOu asked me, my dear Sweet-heart,
Why I ſigh'd; I will impart
The reaſon of it, and will ſhow,
Why I ſo often cry, Hi, ho.
The former H ſtands for my heart,
The I is yours wch wrought my ſmart,
The laſt H your hard heart doth ſhow
The O the vowel is your No.
Then blame me not, ſince now you know
Why I ſo often cry, Hi, ho.

A short Song on a sigh.

To the Tune of, *I warrant you I.*

IT is but in vain
With sighs to complain,
And unto my self
Strange passions to frame,
For I will be careless
Until I do die,
Let others grow Love-sick
but so will not *I*.

Let others lament
For I am content:
I can love for an hour
Till my humour is spent,
But when it is past,
All Love I defy.
For though some grow Love-sick,
yet so will not *I*.

FINIS.

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